Tyler Schilly

Ode to the Seniors

One more school year comes to a close

One more group of seniors leaving

Five whom the class of j’lism chose

Leave the staff alone and grieving

John’s sharp wit will surely be missed

So too his panache and chivalry

Administration he loved to resist

My favorite American Aussie

James Michael, a man of two first names

Edited with a certain flair

Quick with a joke or to start up a game

Or to give a nice girl his chair

Colbie, this year’s fashion writer

Kept us informed with the trends

Easy-going, she helped to keep the mood lighter

By filling the room with her friends

Emma, always nice to underclassmen

Helped keep the others in line

Prevented the room from becoming a pigpen

And loved using the couch to recline

The other editor this year was Hank

He often told us that we stank

But he said it with love

That came from above

And he will be dearly missed

This year was a fun one to be part of the staff

Something happened each day to make us all laugh

But now the sun’s setting, the seniors’ year ends

And all that is left is goodbyes to our friends